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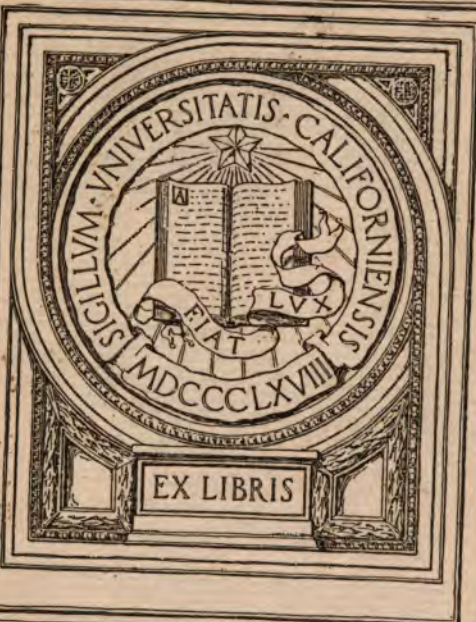


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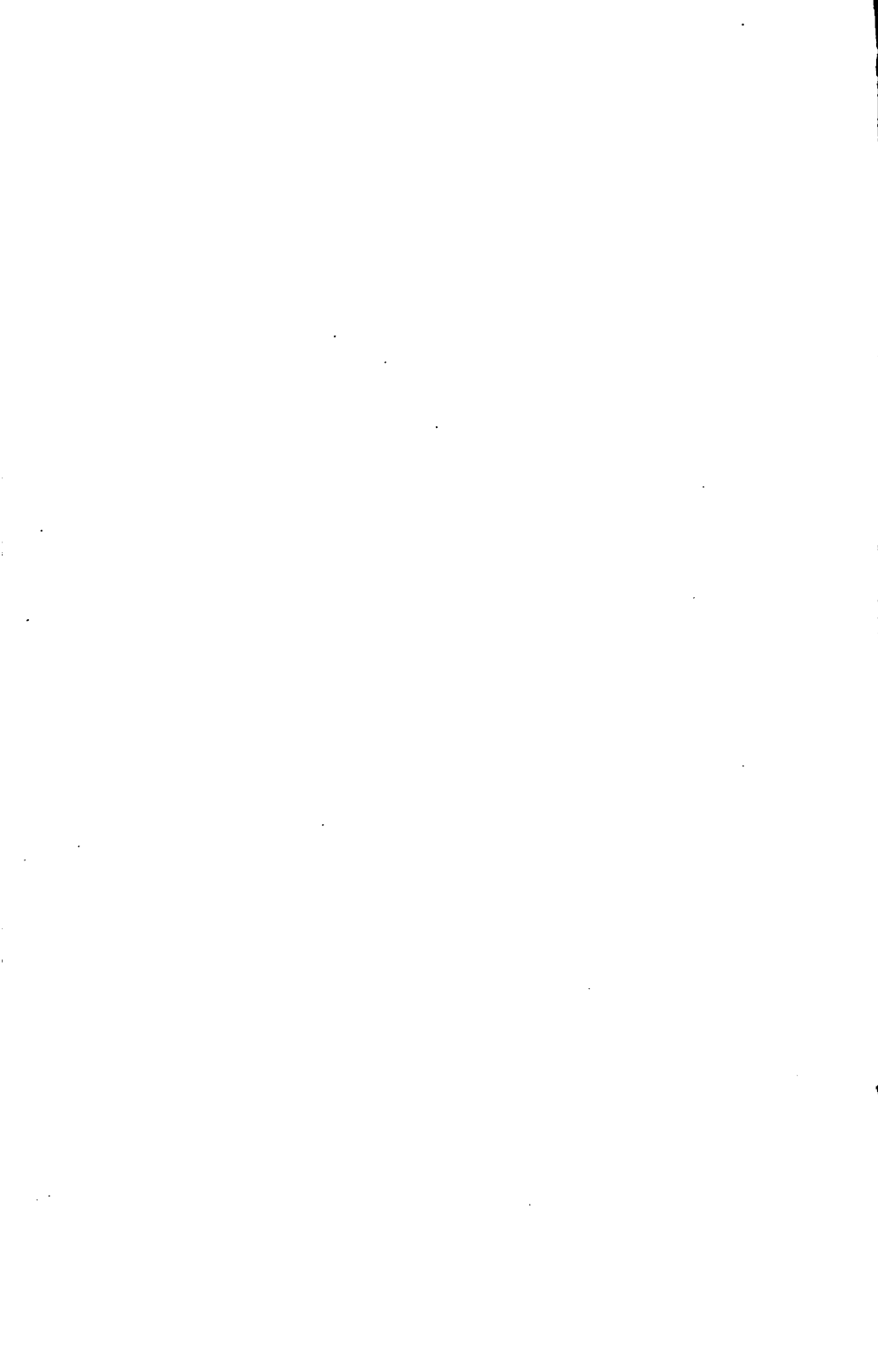
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A
Dream of Dreams
The Charge &
Other Poems
By
Carl Bryan Rayburn



A DREAM *of* DREAMS
THE CHARGE &
OTHER POEMS

By
CARL BRYAN RAYBURN



985

1920
HARR WAGNER PUBLISHING CO.
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Carl Bryan Rayburn
1920



To the sacred memory of my
MOTHER
this volume is dedicated

Dimuba, California,
December 30, 1919.

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FOREWORD

THESE poems are published verbatim, without modification from the original compositions, which were written in the days of boyhood and early youth; and, though there is much room for improvement in many instances, they are submitted to the public with the hope that they will not be too severely censured for whatever poetic violations may appear. Should a few distant and scattered friends find even a single pleasure in these verses, I shall be happy and grateful.

THE AUTHOR.

A DREAM *of* DREAMS, *The* CHARGE
And OTHER POEMS

A Dream of Dreams

Fond Muse of Life! if thou couldst sing
In sweet accordance with my dream,
Then would thy tuneful numbers cling
Unto a fair, enchanted stream
Which now reflects a fading beam
Of days that vanished with the spring.
What, then, undying Hope, can bring
Boyhood, when all was most divine,
And nothing of the world was mine?
What can these pleasures half restore
Except a dream of days before?
Then, spirit of a higher clime,
Ascending on unweighted wings,
When thou hast flown to heights sublime,
Send down a picture of the things
That wakened Infancy's pure dreams
Which slumber by the crystal streams.

What though old, dull Reality,
Realizing only that which is,
Know not the things that ought to be,
In dreams yet Fancy finds a bliss;
For still that brightest fire of fire
Will in the darkest gloom inspire
The soul, which fain would fall asleep
Upon the billows of the Deep,
Were it not for that flame divine,
Which gazers of Chaldean line
Beheld within the silent skies,
Where Light celestial never dies.
For who has never watched the glow,

As dreamers of old Eyraco,
Of sleepy stars, and hear the call
Of deeper meaning, which will fall
Across the silence of the spheres,
And move the sensitive soul to tears?
O Dream of Life! thou art my own,
Crowned on a sempiternal throne:
That magic halo cannot fade—
Of endless glory it was made!

I would not try to picture what
The poets call angelic thought;
Yet once within a vision rare,
The form of Beauty sweet and fair,
Clothed in a radiant loveliness,
Surpassing in sad gracefulness,
I faintly saw;—and Nature wild
Gave back her image to a child.
But—thoughts of sadness stealing on
With sadder memories of the years,
And childish yearnings having gone
Into a misty past of tears—
I saw a look in Beauty's eye
That made me tremble; and the sky
Gave signs that far away a cloud
Had o'er a mountain summit bowed.

Then Melancholy, brooding low
Beneath the zenith of a star
Whose silvery splendor shone afar,
Half hid the pale, intenser glow
That shone in shrouded space the while;
And cast a shadow o'er the smile
Of weeping Beauty, on whose face
A look of sadness I could trace.
And, standing in the stilly Night,
And gazing at the lonely light,
I felt that every hour of pain

Must leave the soul to peace again,
That all the days of perfect bliss
A sigh of sorrow never miss;—
For e'en the sweetest Lydian lays,
 Arising from the sylvan streams,
 And filled with notes of fairy dreams,
Oft breathe of dark and dismal days.

From out the solitudes there came
A breath of music; who can name
Such mystic notes that softly swell
On fading twilight, there to dwell
In deep, heart-rending, fatal sounds,
Invading Music's sacred bounds?
That music fell upon my soul

 In strange emotion, in which pain
Of all forgotten years that roll
 Was mingled with delight again.
And in the years I grew to love
The voice of Music, and to rove—
To listen—hunger for the breath
That lulled the silence into death:—
The dreamy "music of the spheres"
Moved Nature to her morning tears!

In Nature's kingdom first I found
A freedom which defied restraint,
And, wand'ring in the wilds around,
 I saw the fading twilight paint
 Immortal glory of a saint,
Whose lofty brow the stars soon crowned;
 And then I heard a calling faint—
It came not from this lowly ground—
 But from the sunset's golden taint
It drifted in a meaning sound.
 Upon me came a rapture quaint;
 But, ah! I answered in complaint,
And soon the gentle voice was drowned!

Formosus Munus! but to see
 A glimpse of vast Eternity
 Is to behold an awful space,
 On which Time leaves no tiny trace;—
 And yet my spirit, young and proud,
 And wand'ring like an aimless cloud,
 Once dared to roam the darkness through
 And feel Death's ever-falling dew.
 But,—though the shadows grim are there,
 And fear dwells in the gloomy air,
 There is a Place, a great Beyond,
 On which a shade has never dawned,
 To which the sinless soul may fly
 Beneath the everlasting Sky,—
 Then, as my heart was filled with fear,
 And strange, abysmal mist was near,
 My spirit shuddered—fainted—fell
 Back to a smiling, earthly dell.

And in that vale, when morning fell,
 A murmuring melody did swell,
 And tune the merry, wanton bird
 Which o'er the waking valley whirred;
 And in the tinkle of a bell
 Which in the pasture near was heard,
 To me there came a happy thrill—
 And life was full and sweeter still—
 The morning praises filled the air—
 And Nature was so strangely fair—
 The while I stood and listened, till
 It seemed a Paradise were there!

And when the countless stars of Night,
 Those timid sparks of Heaven's fire,
 Within the midnight silence shone,
 The pensive twinkling of their light
 Brought to my soul a sad desire
 To climb up to the mountains' throne;

And there forever sit, and gaze
Upon the weird, golden haze,—
There on the summit dream away,
In solitude, both night and day.
But, when the mystic moon had bowed
Above a lone, horizon cloud,
Increasing, as she higher rose,
The pearly splendor of her beams
Along the haunted banks of streams,
'Twas then instinctively I chose,
From other things which then were mine,
The pathos of a thought divine.

The murmuring music of the showers
Descending from the closing flowers,
Within a cottage once I heard
That lonesome rhythm, which no word
Can half suggest; and to my heart,
As if it were my only part,
The dismal dropping of the rain
Upon the dripping roof again
Sent something of a sweeter pain.
Then, list'ning to the drowsy sound,
By dreamy Slumber I was bound,
Who passed before my watchful eyes
Fair pictures of the azure skies—
And all the while I vainly tried
To hear the falling rain outside!

When but a child, I early read
Of poets' visions of the Dead,
Their good description of a time
When to the soul, like theirs, sublime,
A shining angel comes to guide
The spirit o'er the Stygian tide.
And, then, I thought, within the tomb
There is a glory in the gloom:
"O Death, where is thy victory?"

O Grave, where is thy stain?"
 The sinless spirit soon shall see
 The smile of God again!
 What though the drifted, wintry snow
 Keep white the nameless mound below,
 The soul can never, God, I know,
 Hear chilly winds that rage and blow;
 Nor will it feel, in sacred trust,
 The dreamless silence of the dust.
 But, O *fortuna Mors!* thou art
 Not ruler of the human heart.

For Love will conquer in the End,
 And is the very breath of Life;
 And Truth and Honor shall ascend
 In triumph o'er this mortal strife,
 To bear the soul of noble aim
 To justice and eternal fame.
 And on the waters of the Deep,
 Where Wrong assails the crossing soul,
 Behold! the billows fall asleep
 And on the surface cease to roll,
 If Love but speak a word of cheer,
 Or smile in lasting brightness near.
 Immortal Love! Creation kneels
 Before thy white, eternal throne;
 The humble spirit nobly feels
 Desire to live for thee alone!

The rising splendor of the day
 Shed dewy fragrance o'er the way;
 The gentle sighing of the breeze
 Was heard among the forest trees;
 The streamlet, gliding slowly by,
 Gave back the color of the sky;
 Somewhere within the hidden bowers
 Then woke the lovely, blooming flowers;
 A sweet effulgence filled the air

And made the dome of heavens fair;
And Nature, glorious in her hue,
Into surpassing beauty grew;—
And that was all—but yet a thrill
Gave life to valley, vale, and hill!
That magic thrill glad Nature felt,
And in a solemn worship knelt,—
Ah! was it Love, from Heaven sent,
That such a mighty rapture lent
To Earth? O God of all divine!
That love, I thought, was even mine!

And when the raging storm was nigh,
And darkness covered all the sky,
I watched the lightning flame and flash;
While came the thunder's distant crash
Which rolled in rumbling echoes far,
Like tumult of a fearful war.
And when the quivering light was cast,
And deeper still the thunder rolled,
My spirit rose upon the blast
Which all the trembling skies patrolled;—
In such a restless spirit might
Derive a battle-fierce delight,
And learn to lose is but to win—
In such my spirit reveled in.

Perhaps within the kingly mind
The youthful passions never dwell,
Nor in relentless power bind
Great souls in Heaven—or in Hell;
But yet such passions, as are strong
And dominating o'er the will,
Will rarely lead the soul to wrong
Against its earnest efforts still.
Then, Heaven, wilt thou vindicate
The stern decrees of heartless Fate?

For I, when but a sinless child,
 Knew something of the passions wild;
 Then, even then, within my breast
 There throbbed a fanciful unrest,
 A longing for mysterious things
 Which hovered near on phantom wings;
 I felt Ambition's first desire
 To climb, beneath that ethereal fire,
 To higher regions, and to feel
 Eternal glory round me steal!
 And then I felt, I know not how,
 That bitter sweetness more than now:
 The history of a thousand years
 Came o'er me like a flood of tears;
 And memories I had known before
 Above me seemed to lightly soar;—
 Then, like the weeping willow's sigh,
 My foolish dreams were passing by.

Who would exchange the days of Youth,
 Life's golden, cloudless summertime,
 For those, when Man is in his prime
 And learns a philosophic truth?
 The Youth is stronger than the Man:
 His thoughts are just, his heart is free,
 His knowledge pure and lofty yet;
 For when his spotless days began,
 He knew what was and what would be,
 And still his soul with dew was wet!
 The sinful, selfish world must bow
 In shame before his fearless eye;
 Must know him as he passes by;—
 There shines a glory on his brow!
 But, ah! they pass, those youthful days,

And still their faintest memory stays ;
Then manhood grows into old age,
When, wise and venerable, the sage
Rehearses wisdom's favorite theme,
Or dwells upon some sainted dream.
Yet, what is Life? and what is Death?
And what that highest passion, Love?
Who can its mission here define?
Or is it something more divine,
And in its calling far above,
The mystery of the mortal breath?
But still Eternity reveals
An answer on Time's secret page;
Which fleeting ages will attest
To be the light of Wisdom's crest.
And, wondering to himself, the sage
Half sees the words that Time conceals.

Then Life is but a dream of dreams,
And all its mysticism seems
A harbinger of what will be
The part of every destiny.
And when the evening lights recede
Behind the shadow of each deed,
The soul of Man will recognize
That lesser glory, and realize
That none have ever learned the whole
Which veils the secrets of the Soul.
Yet Truth and Beauty are allied
Above the deep, eternal tide
To bear Life's victory-emblem, "Love,"
The restless stream of Time above.
Then in the moments last and gray,
Thou, Muse of Life, will look away

Across each summer of the Past,
Where Memory's light is dimly cast;
The soul will listen to the sounds
Escaping from the nameless bounds;
And Azrael, pausing in his flight,
Will hesitate on Earth to light.
Then, Muse of Life! if thou couldst sing
 In harmony with every dream,
Then would thy notes of mystery cling
 To Life and Love, which ever seem
A spell within a golden mist,
By beams of clouded magic kist.
But now thy song I hear no more:
Its tune hath died upon the shore.
Then, spirit of a higher clime,
 Descending on thy weary wings,
Forsaking now those heights sublime,
 Reclaim thy picture of the things
Which in their mystic beauty seem
To be the vision of Life's dream.

The Charge

The night had passed; and o'er embattled
lines
Of bleeding France the troubled sun
arose,
And looked again upon the broken shrines
Which gave sad proof of War's unfeeling
woes;
While in the beauty of Dawn's early
glows,
The dews, tears shed by Nature for the
slain,
Clung to the lilies by the solemn rows,
In which slept those who ne'er did wake
again
To meet the rushing foe upon the battle-plain.

Like some grim space of death, the No
Man's Land
Between the great, contending armies
lay;
Upon one side four lines of trenches
scanned
As many more across the fatal way,
Whose soil had crimson grown in fright-
ful fray.
Far, far behind, the mighty cannon stood;
And fresh battalions, brought up for the
day,
Concealed themselves within the haunted
wood,
Whose dying leaves were stained with fallen
heroes' blood.

A firing line four hundred miles in length!
Ten million men in Battle's grand array!
Grim nations, clad in War's divided
strength,
The mighty conflict wage thru night and
day!
Two flaming fronts the long advance
delay;
While over all the long-winged monsters
soar
In aerial skirmish, as adown the way,
Thru dizzy heights, some plunge to rise
no more;
And rolls afar and near the cannons' heavy
roar!

Ye sons of Freedom, turn, and gaze upon
The desolated miles that westward lie:
The fruitful fields and happy homes are
gone,
And naught but devastation meets the
eye!
Beneath the haunting horrors of the sky,
The shattered towns of France and Bel-
gium tell
Of bloody hosts that marched in tri-
umph by;
The ravaged plains, where church and
castle fell,
Bear witness of the crimes dark as the depths
of Hell!

Then, for the sake of sweet humanity,
For sacred rights secured in other years,
For God who granted us our liberty,
For Belgium's slain and mothers' holy
tears,

Strike hard the foe, dark Tyranny, who
sneers,
With armored smile and dripping hands,
at Right.

And courage take; for now the crisis
nears:
Fresh from their victory of the recent fight,
The German-Austrian guns howl in a red
delight.

Now all is ready for the Allies' charge;
Expectant now the eager soldiers wait,
And, though they know opposing odds are
large,
They fear not either battle or its fate.
Now for a while the shell and bomb abate
Their warning crash; four sectors now are
tense
With sudden silence; and yet hesitate
The smaller guns along the first defense,
Where upward drifts the smoke as if it were
incense.

Now all the rear shakes with a sudden
roar—
It is the signal, soon another blast
Breaks on the air as sullen as before;
The nearer guns begin their firing fast.
Above the hostile trenches now is cast
A fitful cloud of shattered earth and
smoke;
A thunderous boom, more frightful than
the last,
Rolls from behind the enemy lines; a cloak
Of flame shows where their heavy field artil-
lery spoke.

Leap from the trenches now the waiting
 men,
 Eight thousand to each nation on that
 side.
 Well armed, they hurry, run, and fire, and
 then
 Drop down a moment where they best
 can hide;
 Then up and onward; for a region wide
 Still parts them from the distant trenches,
 where
 A battery, blushing in undaunted pride,
 Repeats its warning in an angry glare,
 Which flames up redder still and warms the
 foggy air.

The raiders hurry on; the columns blaze
 With rifle fire along the rushing lines;
 The rockets high within the heavens glaze
 A ghostly streak which for a moment
 shines;
 While every airy current sadly whines
 A fatal song; and now the dropping shells
 Begin to burst and leave their scarlet
 signs;
 Of planes above the bomb's explosion tells;
 Now falls a whole brigade, the din of battle
 swells!

The charge is on! Beneath the flag they
 love,
 The Yankee lads are plunging thru the
 storm;
 In splendor bright Old Glory waves above
 A host that scorns the danger and alarm!
 Undaunted youths! their fearless hearts
 are warm

With battle-rage: the struggle fierce they
lead
To hotter strife, in which they bravely
form
To fight for Justice; and each daring deed
Commends to God above the wounded ones
that bleed.

The conflict having desperate grown, now
surge
The human billows of the charging mass;
O'er broken land the staggering lines
emerge,
Some lost within the shelter of a pass.
The Teuton fire is scorching them, alas!
The sun is hidden by the lightning-cloud,
Where fly the bolts of steel and iron and
brass;—
The armored cars and stubborn tanks have
plowed
The way thru jagged wire—more speed is
now allowed.

At last the No Man's Land is crossed: a
deep
And shattered remnant of a trench is
found;
Great heaps of grey, some dead in bloody
sleep,
Lie scattered in the passage under-
ground.
No time to lose! behind yon trembling
mound,
The second trench, formidable and grim,
Is shaken with the cannons' quick
rebound;

On with the charge! The light is growing
dim!
Machine-gun bullets hum a stirring battle-
hymn!

So toward the next embankments now they
press;
Again the network of entangled wire
Delays the stricken front; in loud distress
The shrapnel howls above the thirsty
fire.
Now for a while the charging arms re-
tire;
And swift the foe comes rushing o'er the
top!
Have at 'em, boys! their helmets but
inspire
Each manly breast their countercharge to
stop!
Before the rifle range a thousand comrades
drop!

The charge is on! The heavens rock and
reel!
The earth is trembling with the mighty
blast!
The bursting clouds of flaming smoke con-
ceal
The reeking holes filled with the dead at
last!
Long lights of streaming colors now are
cast
In blazing beauty where the banners soar!
And ere the shells' combustion deep is
past,
Like thunder booms the bombs' tremen-
dous roar;
And still the tempest sweeps above, behind,
before!

**On with the charge! They yell in foaming
rage!
Here fellows fall without another breath;
There hand to hand the struggle fierce they
wage;
The ground is broken by the shock of
Death!
Ho! giving way the dreadful charge be-
neath,
The enemy is falling back; their dead
Left lying under clouds of gory wreath.
The second trench is taken; but ahead
Two lines of trenches still speak out their
challenge red.**

**Then on again; for Freedom leads the way,
And Courage follows close on Valor's
heels!
Ah! many a lad has fallen on this day;
But yet the note of battle-glory peals
Upon the blasted air, which half reveals
The distant cannon by huge motors drawn.
Each soul again the fighting spirit feels:
On with the charge! The day is nearly
gone;
And rises on the din the cry of "Carry on!"**

**The third line trench is taken; and arrive
Fresh companies from the Allies' distant
rear.**

**Sons of America! 'tis yours to drive
Those whom your brothers met without
a fear!**

**Avenge your fallen friends and comrades
dear!**

**But lo! no need to rouse these stalwart
sons:**

**With fortitude the flaming trench they
near,**

Some falling here and there before those
guns
That roar and tremble with the anger of the
Huns.

The charge is on! The smoke is spurting
high;
Machine-guns rattle in the ditch again;
The rifles flash, the rockets scale the sky;
The thunders roll above the leaden rain
Which falls in pools red with a gory
stain.
Shock follows shock; swift colors dart and
stream
Above the crash that shakes the stricken
plain;
And, where the lights of battle-glory gleam,
There fades on many an eye Life's last de-
parting beam.

Yet on the grim, surviving raiders sweep!
The shells and bullets drown each furious
yell;
Upon the banks the last defenders leap
In greater numbers than the eye can tell;
And now the trench is but a surging
hell:
Within the flames, they lunge and fire and
clash,
Above the din the shouts discordant
swell,
Close followed by a far-resounding crash;
And o'er the ragged trench ten thousand
Teutons dash.

But hark! the tumult now is dying slow,
And lo! the smoke is carried far at last;

The crumbling trench has ceased to flame
and glow,
The dreadful charge and battle fierce are
past.

The weary prisoners, bound together
fast,
March slowly where not long ago they
drew

The deadly aim, or met the raging blast;
And where their own imperial banner flew,
In triumph waves on high the Red and White
and Blue!

O fearless lads beneath the Stripes and
Stars!

Sons of the Land predestined to be free!
That spirit, which hath won in other wars,
Here leads you on for grand Democracy,
Who strikes the chains of base Autoc-
racy;

And here, where that despotic force was
drawn

To crush the rights of all humanity,
Across this plain you rushed and followed
on,

And made another Chauteau-Thierry or
Argonne!

And here resign your comrades slain to
God.

With their bright blood here Freedom
sets her flame
Of light undying o'er this sacred sod;
And Time records their fair, eternal
fame.

Above each grave then breathe the
precious name,
And kneel in memory of the one beneath,

Who from his home across the waters
came
To help defeat the Plan of Nations' Death,
But who now calmly lies 'neath Glory's battle-
wreath!

Some day, O noble Mothers of the dead!
Those loving sons up yonder ye shall
meet.
Your yearning hearts the most of all have
bled
In silent conflict, but not in defeat:
In lonely hours, when grief and sorrow
beat
Against the courage of your tender love,
Ye conquered then in prayer, God's
mercy-seat;
With bravery, such as only mothers prove,
Ye trusted all to Him who reigns in peace
above!

The day had passed; and o'er the battle-
field
In sorrow gazed the watchful stars of
Night;
The scene of charge was thru the mist
revealed
Beneath the moon's sad flood of yellow
light.
And yet a glory, sweet and strangely
bright,
Shed peerless beauty earth and sky be-
tween;
And soldiers, weary from the bloody
fight,
Lay dreaming on that plain of scarlet
sheen,
And saw the angel Peace sail o'er a land
serene!

The Music Everlasting

A song of sacred feeling
From somewhere in the night,
Across the shadows stealing,
Holds mute the starry light;
It rises slow beneath the glow,
Upon a mystic height.

Across the waters glancing,
Above that boundless sea,
The spirits, lightly dancing,
Hark to the melody
Which over vine and tree
Celestial floats in far-off notes,
O'er strange Eternity!

A soul, without a history,
The hymn of silence hears;
And, feeling all the mystery
Which gathers from the years,
In meditation dreaming
Of fleeting hopes and fears,
To glory is beseeching
The silence of the spheres.

And from the deep, unbroken
Infinities that roll,
The depths of Life unspoken,
That music thrills the soul;
And echoes of a token
From somewhere faintly toll!

Under the Stars and Stripes*

The blast of the bugle is borne by the breeze,
The echoes are sounding afar;
And an army, preparing to cross the blue seas,
Is marching to the music of war.
Lo! upon the high mountain and over the
plain
The columns now sweep into view;
And O hark! for the band is now playing that
strain,
Three Cheers For The Red, White, and
Blue!

Through the morning's gray light rolls the
throb of the drum,
Keeping time to the martial tread;
While the peals of the clarion heroically come
From the hills where old heroes have led;
And the pride of our nation, by Liberty blest,
Now marches, half solemn, half gay—
Beats the heart of a hero in every breast!
Sons of Freedom in battle array!

But the flag, which is flauntingly waving
above,
That flag of the stripes and the stars,
Most awakens within us that battle-born love
Which declares our true freedom in wars;
For the soul of our nation is fervently filled
With that spirit which never can die,
And the heart of our nation divinely is
thrilled
By that banner which ever shall fly.

*Written soon after the declaration of war between the United States and Germany.

And well may the soldier, who marches away
In the ranks of the brave and the free,
Feel the pride and the glory, which with him
will stay
'Neath our banner, on land or on sea.
And through the long ages that yet are to
come,
If tyrants that banner defy,
At the blast of the bugle and roll of the drum,
Brave freemen will hasten to die!



The Dixie Volunteer

The crimson work of War is done,
The battle's storm is o'er;
But many a brave and gallant son
Shall see his land no more.
There Fame's immortal heroes lie
In Glory's honored grave,
And Freedom watches, in the sky,
Above her fallen brave.

The call to arms came speeding on
The wings of April breeze,
While sped the cry at break of dawn
Across the troubled seas;
And ere the bugle's blast had died
Above the mountaineer,
Came marching, in his southern pride,
The Dixie volunteer!

In France, across the ocean far,
He fought in Freedom's name,
And in the fiercest of the war
He won eternal fame;
For when the dreadful charge was made
Upon the German ranks,
He fell, amid the fearful raid,
Upon the trenches' banks.

They found him 'neath the stars of night,
His young blood still and cold;—
Heroic warrior of the fight!
His name is not untold:
Before him lay a wounded Hun,
Beside another dead,
Revealing that old Dixie's son
Was not the first that bled!

Somewhere in France he lies in peace,
Above him is no tomb;
But never shall the lilies cease
Around his grave to bloom.
Nor shall the voices o'er that mound
Disturb the silent rest
Of him who sleeps beneath the ground,
By Victory proudly blest.

No more he tramps with martial tread
Toward the struggling lines;
Nor does he watch the plane o'erhead,
Its movements, and its signs;
No longer in the trench he hears
The Captain's quick command,
Amid the battle's thund'ring fears,
To cross the No Man's Land.

No more he dashes o'er the plain
Of blood and smoke and fire;
Nor shall the cannons' roar again
His dauntless soul inspire.
For in the hallowed space he lies,
Clothed in a glory proud,
Whose light has banished from those skies
Autocracy's low cloud.

Son of the Dark and Bloody Ground!
On old Kentucky's shore
The call of Freedom shall resound
Within thine ears no more.
Thy native hills in mourning shed
For thee a solemn tear,
And proudly claim their noblest dead—
The Dixie volunteer!

✦

The Night

The golden light hath faded o'er the hill,
Now silent falls the gath'ring gloom of
Night,
The skies are beautiful by starry light;
And o'er the mist there seems a mystic thrill
Which fills the soul with music and delight.
Upon the mountains play the dancing beams,
The valleys sparkle in their dewy gems,
While o'er the lake the airy angel dreams,
And from the fields arise the holy hymns.
Faint music drifts from out the midnight
skies;
Celestial sounds the melody that floats
From where the love of Heaven sacred lies,
Like echoes from the happy angels' notes
Which from the harps of Heaven softly rise.
A paradise doth Nature still reveal,
And giveth us what Life cannot conceal!

The Wintry Night

Blow, winds of Winter, blow
 Across the frozen stream and wood
And field of drifted snow,
 Above the icy gems that glitter
Beneath the stars' pale glow;
Blow, winds of Winter, blow.

Howl, winds of Winter, howl,
 And break the silence of the night.
Alone the sheltered owl,
 Somewhere within the dreary distance,
Bemoans the weather foul;
Howl, winds of Winter, howl.

Wail, winds of Winter, wail
 Around the corners of the house.
We listen to a tale,
 Or crack the nuts before the fireplace
And pick them with a nail;
Wail, winds of Winter, wail.

Bring, winds of Winter, bring
 Dim visions from the dreary past
Of those who once did sing
 On wintry nights when ye were howling.
Our memories to them cling;—
These visions bring, oh, bring!

Spring

From the south, in her love that is shining
Far across the lone valley and hill,
Cometh Spring in her gay-colored lining;
And all Nature is feeling her thrill.
Gentle breezes around her are sighing
In a music, like sunshine and rain;
And the flowers, that seemed to be dying,
Are revived by the showers again!

The trees in the orchard are blooming,
The blossoms perfume the pure air,
And the brooklet, its murmur resuming,
Flows by lilies that are smiling and fair;
From the maple and willow the singing
Of the birds float upon the light breeze—
How the notes of glad praises are ringing
O'er the humming and buzzing of bees!

In the woods the squirrels are playing,
And eating the buds on the limb,
While the sunset winds are delaying
The whippoorwill's evening hymn;
And the shadows, that slowly are filling
The valley with mystical dreams,
The deepening silence are thrilling,
O'er the beautiful, winding streams.

O Spring! Earth's gay voices are praising
Thy beauty in melody sweet,
And the skies, that are silently gazing,
The echoes would gladly repeat!
And visible angels are bearing
The songs to the Father above,
A sentence of Nature declaring
Of sunshine and music and love!

To a River

O Silva, dear river!
 Upon thy lone bank,
 Where the flowers of silver
 The sunshine has drank,
 I watch thy deep flowing
 To meadows away.
 Ever coming and going,
 All night and all day,
 Thy waters are singing
 A song sadly sweet;
 Low music thou'rt bringing:
 Thy murmurs defeat
 The sighing of sadness,
 Its moaning and groan;—
 Flow, rythm of gladness,
 In a musical tone!

Bright diamonds are gleaming,
 Enjeweled in thy wave;
 The moonlight is streaming
 Across thy blue wave;
 And the shore, lightly dreaming,
 Is lulled by thy wave.
 The whippoorwill's singing
 Beneath the tall trees;
 And the echoes are ringing
 On the wings of the breeze,—
 The breeze which is sighing
 Sad stories of love,—
 Which faintly is sighing
 From the heavens above.

Far clouds o'er thee floating
Thy waters reveal,
As in the sky gloating,
They silently steal.
Airy spirits above thee
On celestial waves float,
And they sail high above thee
In their white airy boat,
Ah, here the winged Muses
Fly ever around,
While Fancy amuses
The shadows around;
And often fond Memory
Steals from the dim Past,
Bringing visions—O Memory!
Why can they not last?

O Silva, wherever
Thy waters may glide,
There Beauty forever
Shall dwell on thy tide;
And Solitude, seeing
Her glory divine,
Is happy in being
Beneath her sunshine.
And, Silva, when billows
Of Life will roll high,
I'll come to thy willows,
Beneath the blue sky;
And there, as the rapture
No sadness shall save,
Sweet music will capture
The song of thy wave!

Night in the Hills

The golden light above the sinking sun
Has faded o'er the western, summer hill;
Light breezes play upon the nightly air
In music low; and, one by one, the stars
Now creep into the silent heavens above.
In silvery light the glowing moon now climbs
Into the eastern sky, and throws her rays
Of soft, majestic fire o'er hill and plain,
Upon the tossing waves of lake and stream,
And o'er the shadows of still solitude.

The whippoorwill's far chant is rising from
The rocky glen and from the gloomy cliff;
Incessant are the crickets chirping low
Beneath the hollow log and rotten stump;
Along the fence and in the orchard trees,
In high musical time, the katydids
Are singing to the ever-list'ning stars;
From out the thicket comes the chorus of
The tuneless frogs, upon the water's edge.
Far, far away the mighty forest lies
In slumber deep; soft breezes steal between
The silent trees and sigh their nightly hymn
In mystic tones; mysterious shadows haunt,
In ghostly forms, the lone recesses of
The wild, undaunted, solitary depths
Of Nature grand. How queenly smiles the
moon!

She sends unsparingly her yellow light
Which warms the happy heart of Nature.
O Nature wild and free! thy voices sweet
Are music unsurpassed by band or choir
O glorious Night! thy music drifts unto
The zephyrs, whisp'ring in the airy mist,
Where Truth and Beauty reign in love divine.

The Violet's Lament

Low, softly, and slowly, upon the night air
I send my sweet music in melody rare,
 Beneath the starlight,
 The pale, silvery light;
And stealing, faint stealing to breezes above,
My notes are revealing fond stories of love.
 To the breezes they steal;
 There they faintly reveal
Their rapture, concealing a passionate love.
My harmonies rise unto the blue skies,
Where the light of fair heavens
 So tender lies,—
Where the love of the angels
 Compassionate lies.

Ah, the strains, overflowing
To the stars which are glowing,
 Now musically swell,
 Now rhythmically swell;
And the flowers, and green bowers,
And the vines on the towers,
 All feel a quaint spell,—
A spell that is ringing, and fitfully bringing
 A melody swinging
 Fantastically, faintly, and far.

In the silence of Night,
 When the breezes have died,
 And the voices of Nature are still,
 My melodies flow ;
 And the silence they fill
 With moments that go
 To the heart of the listener,
 Who sits in a dream
 'Neath the stars' silvery gleam,
 And hears the quaint strain
 Of sad notes that seem,
 Like a musical dream,
 To sink to a low
 Impassioned refrain.
 And never again
 My harmonies shall rise unto the blue skies,
 But mournful and slow,
 Faint, sadly, and low,
 My music shall flow
 In a weird refrain
 Which steals to the heart, to never depart,
 In a sad and mystical strain!



The Angel of Dream

The angel of dream, sweet angel of dream!
 In dreamland she's a bright fairy
 Who brings a light dream
 Beneath the moonbeam,
 And by the deep stream,
 Where the spirits of slumber do tarry;
 And in the pale light
 Of the mystical night,
 Her visions to us she will carry.

In the still summer night,
When the breezes are sighing
A song to the lonely trees,
Comes the maiden of light
In a rapture undying,
To dwell in the song of the breeze;
And the slumber that steals
O'er the fancy reveals
The angels of dream in the breeze.

Forever may
This maiden fair,
Pure as the air
Of blushing May,
In the peaceful dreamland fly!
And the lights, that seem
To be gleaming in a dream,
Far within the lonely sky,
Will send the sweet angel of dream.



Music in the Night

When music from the violin
And from the silver-toned guitar
Drifts softly on the evening wind,
Beneath the early, silver star,
Into our souls faint Echo rolls
The music far and dying;
The low notes seem to weave a dream
Upon the breezes sighing.
Romantic seem the twinkling light,
The distant moon, the hush of Night;
And the silence lightly listens
To the strain,

While the dewy diamond glistens
On the grain
Which golden stand upon the land
For miles and miles away.

Low the winds are sighing
High above;
Far the notes are dying
Full of love,
And then faintly they rise
To the list'ning skies,
Where the melody dies,
Full of love.

Ah, sweet music has its many nameless
charms,
As it tunes the balmy, nightly air;
In its voices there is something that informs
Us of sounds of beauty pure and rare.

Often as we listen to the tune
Of a sad and weird song,
Then forgotten hopes will throng
With the happiness of birds in June;
And once again
The thrilling strain
Will lift our souls to where the
Lord
Would have them be.
And music will forever fill
The space of great Eternity!

Liladore

Blow soft and low, ye gentle winds—steal
silent o'er that face
Of her whose spirit far has flown, but left the
youthful grace;—
Ah, faintly fan her snow-white brow, ye
breezes from the sky;
For upward through the starry Blue a saintly
soul did fly!
Her spirit sweet, on wings so fleet, has flown
the river Death;
The flight was short, but dark and swift,—it
took her precious breath!
In Faith's fond arm she peaceful died; in
Death's mysterious night,
With angel Hope along her side, she winged
her happy flight.
And as she neared the Golden Gate, a band of
seraphs came
In radiant flame outside the Gate, and sweetly
sang her name;
Then through the open Gate she sailed, and
all the Kingdom hailed
Her as she flew her home into, as o'er the
streets she sailed.
Look on her face! In lovely grace, there lin-
gers still a smile!
Her heart was pure as morning dew; for her
there was no trial.
Ah, toll no bell and roll no knell, but let them
silent be;
For far above, where angels dwell, her soul is
singing free!
Above the sky her spirit floats where angel
notes arise;
In Heaven high she gently floats where sing-
ing never dies.

The maiden fair to Aideen there the King
 has called His own,
 Where angels sing and praises ring around
 the mighty Throne.
 She joined that throng, where endless song
 arise in glorious strain,
 And in the bright, celestial light she sings the
 sweet refrain!
 So pure and rare, the one we loved, for Earth
 too sweet and fair,
 Has flown above, where all is love, to breathe
 immortal air.
 She sailed away where shine the gleam and
 beam of golden ray,
 Where ever stream the shining lights of that
 eternal Day.
 Sweet Liladore did lightly soar unto that
 waiting Shore;—
 O heart! grieve not: she's happy and—she's
 gone forevermore!



The Solitude of Willow Valley

In the mountains by a sea
 Lies the lonesome Willow Valley.
 There tearfully
 And dismally,
 The breezes from the crystal sea
 O'er the shadows faintly rally,
 And sigh a song
 Forgotten long,—
 A song of melancholy notes;
 Sad it floats
 O'er the mountain to a fountain,

Where it waits,
And fascinates
The solitude of Willow Valley.
From the fountain flows a river
Clear and deep;
And the murmurs of that river
Lull asleep
The flowers and trees,
And the mystic breeze
Which sighs o'er the river deep.
And often a strain of rapture and fear
Steals o'er the evening shadows,
Like music from a distant sphere,
And tunes the solitude of Willow Valley.

At night, when the stars are all shining,
And the wings of Mystery soar
The valley o'er,
Romance, in the shadows reclining,
Tells stories of the future
And of days that are no more;
While the moonlight brings
To the wild, roaming things
The mystery of Night.
Through the silvery light, in a strange
delight,
Gather the spirits of the summer night,
And fly in the solitude of Willow Valley.

Ah, in this valley
By the sea,
In the mountain, where the fountain
Gushes free,
No people dwell;
A curious spell
Ever haunts the valley.
At day sad songs of music swell in mourn-
ful tones

Which hold a note of rapture,
Mingled with faint moans and groans.
And that's the reason why no people
Here can dwell;
And even Israfael
Could not break the mystic spell
Which haunts the solitude of Willow Valley.



Estanalee

In the shadows that linger
On mountain and sea,
Far above, a sweet Singer
Sings faintly and free;
And the silence with music that dimly
dwells
In the wonder of magic, in harmony swells.

Not of morals and duty
Estanalee sings;
But of visions of Beauty
In lovelier things,—
Of the smiles that enrapture the beautiful
day,
And the mystery that gathers upon the lone
way.

In his songs are the trances
Of spirits that dream
Where the silvery glances
Bediamonded gleam,
As he breathes of the amative splendor of
Night,
With its jewels of vapor and mystical light.

When tenderly tinkle
The heavenly bells,
And tearfully twinkle
Bright dews in the dells,
Modest violets, awaking from slumbers of
love,
Hear the music celestial faint drifting above.

Where the sky-lights resemble
A flashing of flame,
And the fairies assemble
To worship his name,
Estanalee sings his most dreamy-like song;
While dreams of the midnight all silently
throng.

O mystical Spirit
That dwellest alone!
Could an angel inherit
Thy musical tone?
Ah, well may thy numbers, unrivaled below,
Through the endless enchantment in melody
flow!

Eternity Bids Thee to Never
Forget

Eternity bids thee to never forget
The sorrows and raptures of Love;
For the spirit that conquers will never regret
The thorns and the flowers of Love.
And when the dark shadows of Death fall
around,
The thorns' bitter pain will not be,
And the flowers, that grew in Life's broken
ground,
Will eternally blossom for thee!

The mysteries of ages upon thee may fall,
 With their gloom, fascination, delight;
 And the voices of the dead may silently call
 Through the stillness and slumber of
 Night.

Yet triumph in these can the soul ever find;
 A music will tune the lone heart;
 And Memory will call to the spirit and mind
 Past visions which never depart.

Eternity sends thee a message of peace,
 And the hope of it thrills the deep soul;
 But the mystery it holds will never release
 The future of ages that roll:
 Chaotic and dismal as annals of Death
 Seem the Fates in their mystical sphere;
 But the soul, when the body is void of its
 breath,
 Shall learn what it longed to know here!



Sonnet—To Memory

O Memory, thou art a brilliant light
 Reflecting on the Past with ling'ring gleam!
 In silence oft thy bright, resplendent beam
 Shines through the lonely darkness of the
 night;
 And o'er the passing years' swift, thought-
 less flight
 Thou throwest far thy tearful rays, until
 The days of childhood rapture seem to fill
 The sleepy Present; and we softly dream.
 And though the fogs of annals round thee rise
 To make thy light dim in the humid air,
 Thou lightest still the distant, sunny skies
 Of mornings long ago, so fresh and fair.
 Forever shine, O sunlight of Man's soul!
 Him shalt thou bless as ages swiftly roll!

Sonnet—To the Whippoorwill

Lone Whippoorwill, when o'er the silent vale
And forest depths the dusky shadows fall,
'Tis sweet to hear thy far, complaining call
Resounding from somewhere within the dale.
While in the west the sunset colors pale,
Thy notes, sad drifting on the misty gloom
Which reigns until the flowers of Heaven
bloom,
Send out a wistful chanting over all;
And he, who listens to thy lonesome song
Which nightly rises from the rocky glen,
Must feel the dreams of pensive Fancy
throng,
Or Retrospection's thrill of what has been.
Cease not thy notes, O chanter; for in them
Oft steal the sounds of some forgotten hymn!



Sonnet—To Solitude

Within thy sacred realm, O Solitude!
There is a solemn silence pure and deep,
Where winds of meditation softly sweep
Across thy mystic throne in thoughtful mood;
For never there the social cares intrude,
But cometh peace to soothe the weary mind
Which in thy haven sweet may ever find
A bliss akin to that of gentle sleep.
Thy vast domain the home of nature be;
Whence visions of the truer worship spring,
To lead the spirit of the strong to see
The wealth and glory, which around thee
cling.
And there the soul may find a wisdom true,
The heart may learn what Knowledge never
knew!

Sonnet—To the Dove

When from the topmost limb, O gentle Dove,
 The sighing breezes bear thy cooing low
 Across the waters that beneath thee flow,
 There steals a thrill of pure, contented love
 Within the notes of solemn sounds above;
 And to the lazy loneliness of Spring
 Thy song a drowsy harmony doth bring,
 Half mournful, as a strain of joy and woe.
 All other voices heard no more, thy faint
 And distant echoes fill the solitudes,
 Almost suggestive of a meek complaint,
 And yet exultant, like a song that broods
 In tender pathos o'er a lover's dream
 Beside the twilight murmurs of the stream.



Beauty

Within the morning sun's bright, golden rays
 The smile is seen of Beauty rare and sweet.
 Her loveliness makes glad the summer days;
 And shadows of her form the eye doth meet
 Upon the flowery meadow, hill, and sky.
 The wilds of Nature she doth beautify;
 The winding stream, the valley wide and
 deep,
 The mountain high, the woods where violets
 sleep,
 And seas whose surface billows madly sweep.
 And Beauty, who dwells here and high above,
 With stalwart Truth has ever been in love;
 With him, she glorifies the solemn Earth.
 The angels, goodness, mercy, peace, and
 mirth,
 Unto fair Beauty bring their flowers of love!

Sylvinia

In a beautiful vale of Virginia,
Where the waters of Melody steal,
Dwells a maiden whose name is Sylvinia,
Where the mountains the valley conceal.
And her lovely and mystical beauty
Is the charm of that valley of Love,
Where the angels, to keep a high duty,
Stay the clouds from assembling above.

Ah! the smile of Sylvinia is brighter
Than the glory of Summer's first morn,
And her fairy-like form is much lighter
Than the graces the angels adorn;
And her love, which forever is burning,
Lights the depths of her innocent eyes,
As the stars when the night is returning
To her home in the evening skies.

And I love that most beautiful maiden:
She's the queen of my every-day dream;
With her glory sweet Nature is laden,
'Neath the sunlight, star, or moonbeam!
But I dare not to tell her I love her;
For I fear she would vanish away
To her home in the skies, and her lover
Would be sorry and lonely alway.

Ah! the love of Sylvinia I cherish;
Her deep eyes are the light of my soul;
My affection for her could not perish
Could I live all the ages that roll.
And the clouds of this life all dissemble
When her smile of pure rapture I see;
But the shadows and gloom reassemble
When I think she was born not for me!

Oh, if winds to a distance could carry
 A fond message of love that is true,
 I would send to that wonderful fairy:—
 Lovely maiden, I'm longing for you!
 Or if yearning and hoping could bring her
 On a magical plane of the sky,
 Then no longer alone would she linger,
 But to me from that valley would fly.

O my beautiful, charming Sylvia!
 In a love that is sacred and deep,
 Now for thee, fairest maid of Virginia,
 Tears of sorrow and sadness I weep.
 And no magic my love can dis sever;
 For my heart you have stolen from me.
 But remember, sweet maiden, if ever
 You return it, you too will mine be!



A Puzzle

My distant friend, within this stanza hidden,
 Sacred lies thy name in letters bold.
 Survey the lines; for, by the muses bidden,
 They artlessly that precious name enfold.
 Though no word of discontent expressing,
 Long you strove in vain the name to find;
 But, alas! thy grave and earnest guessing
 Never unseals a mystery of this kind.
 And to thee, who motherly guided me
 Patiently through my youthful years,
 I am sending this note with grateful tears.

Upon Thy Bank, O Gentle Stream

Upon thy bank, O gentle stream,
Beneath the silent willow,
I used to lie and softly dream
On Fancy's peaceful pillow;
In thought I lay, and dreamed some day
Thy waves would bear me far away.

Ah, years and moments far have fled,
Dear friends are gone forever;
Fond Memory steals with silent tread
To fleeting years, whenever
Faint breezes o'er thy slumb'ring shore
In sad tones whisper, "Nevermore!"

Still oft I steal, as o'er the hill
The light of Day is fleeing,
To feel the night's mysterious thrill
That sweeps through all my being;
And in the light of mystic Night
Thy waves give back the trembling light.

Again beside thy gentle flow
O let me ever linger,
As in the days of long ago
When Fancy's charming finger
Would point away, and she would say,
"These waves shall bear thee far away!"

A Song That Father Used to Sing

A song that father used to sing—
 Ah, sing it soft and low,
While to my heart sweet memories bring
 The nights of long ago,
 The nights when by the summer vine
 I watched the stars above us shine,
 And listened to that song which rose
 Upon the evening's still repose.

A song that father used to sing—
 Oh, breathe it lower still;
For to this heart that tune will bring
 Those far-off nights, until
 Again I watch the stars' pale gleam,
 And hear, as though I'm in a dream,
 Him singing low that quaint old song
 Which I have heard him sing so long.

A song that father used to sing—
 Just sing it once for me,
As from the past the shadows bring
 The starry nights, when he
 Would sing it, looking far away
 As though he longed for some past day;
 While I would fly on Fancy's wings
 To coming days and future things.

A song that father used to sing!
 Ah, through the misty years
A vision will that song e'er bring,
 With Memory's sighs and tears.
 Then sing it soft and low again—
 And once again beneath that strain,
 There at my father's side I dream
 And watch the stars above us gleam!

Ye Hills and Cliffs

Ye hills and cliffs, where nineteen years ago
I first looked on this valley here below,
Again I come, a wanderer, to my home,
Around thy steeps and rugged crags to roam.
As in those happy childhood days gone bye,
Once more upon thy rocky summits I
In silence stand and view the summer scene:
The noble hills, the stream, the vales serene,
The endless woods that stretch for miles
away,
And all the charms that come with early Day.

O silent hills! receive a youth who strayed
Far from these scenes, where often he has
played,

Whose soul is hungry for thy blissful rest,
Whose heart is longing for thy silence blest.
Ye hills sublime! I hear a welcome sweet
Sung by the birds; the breezes low repeat
That welcome which is free and makes me
free;

The cow-bells tinkle music dear to me,
The sheeps' lone bleat awakens memories
old;—

Oh, what a joy these sounds of Nature hold!

Yes, childhood scenes, fond memories awake!
The charm of crowded, brilliant streets for-
sake

And die within these shades of solitude,
Where never sin and worldly pride intrude.
A music, sweeter than in music-hall
Up to the marble portals white e'er fall,
In melody now somewhere rises low
To list'ning ears which all the pauses know;
A soul unto the songs of Nature flies
And sings in rapture 'neath the sunny skies.

Ye hills and cliffs! when tired of wandering
o'er
The weary world, from ocean shore to shore,
On nightly streets, in dazzling halls where
wealth
In splendor reign instead of love and health,
Toward thy wild recesses shall I turn,
The grace of God and Nature sweet to learn;
To dream again the dreams of long ago;
To watch the stars of night above me glow;
To live again the life of Youth sublime,
And o'er thy summits high and crags to
climb!



When Parting From A Friend

When parting from a friend we've known
For long and many bygone years,
How dear to us that friend has grown:
Ah, then will fall the saddest tears!

Oh, could we and that faithful friend
A few more days together stay,
And feel the hearts' warm glows that send
A light upon Life's cloudy way!

Ah, in those solemn moments crowd
Sweet memories of the happy past,
When o'er our sunny lives no cloud
Of grief or pain its shadow cast;

And in the silence then we stand
And dream of days that are no more—
The time has come: we grasp his hand,
To journey on the path before.

And often in our hearts we feel
A longing for that friend so true,
And often will fond Memory steal
To us a smile so long we knew!

'Tis sad; but in our souls that love,
Which first began in other years,
Will shine, until in Heaven above
We meet that friend where fall no tears!



Requiescat

Tread softly;—she is sleeping
Within this lonely grave!
Fair lilies, o'er her weeping,
Above her meekly wave;
While breezes sigh up in the sky
For her, whom Beauty gave.

Not long ago she wandered
Along this lovely stream,
And by its murmurs pondered
Beneath the golden beam;
But now that one, whom Death has won,
Lies in eternal dream.

In sweet and mystic slumber,
Beneath this sacred sod,
She now is of that number
Whose spirits are with God;
And sorrowing seem the wood and stream,
Where she in beauty trod.

Upon this solemn mountain
 In silence sanctified,
 The wavelets of a fountain
 Weep for the maid who died,—
 Who, with fond eyes like magic skies,
 Was once a lover's pride.

Tread gently;—she is sleeping
 Within this lonely mound!
 Fair lilies, near her weeping,
 Keep green the hallowed ground;
 And faintly drear, afar and near,
 The tolling bells resound.



Psalm the Eighth: A Paraphrase

O Lord, our Lord, how gracious is thy name
 In all the earth! And thou hast set thy flame
 Within the heavens; in babes and sucklings
 hast
 Thou strength ordained, the foe away to cast.
 When I unto thy heavens lift mine eyes
 And view the moon, the stars, their holy
 ray,
 And all thou hast created in the skies,
 Then, deep within, my trembling soul doth
 say:—
 Oh, what is man, whom thou forgettest not,
 And whom thou givest thy most sacred
 thought?
 For him a little lower thou hast made
 Than angels, and upon him thou hast laid
 Glory and honor. Thou didst him create
 To have dominion o'er the work thy hands
 Did form; sheep, oxen, and all beasts that
 mate

In fields, are under him in all the lands ;
Also the fowl of air, and fish of sea,
And all that in the depths of ocean be.
O Lord, our Lord, in whom we have our birth,
Thy name is excellent throughout the earth !



Love and Flame

The day of the dreary December
Had fled o'er the snow-covered hill,
And Night, with her silence and chill,
Brought the stars, each a distant, pale ember,
Which glowed in the heavens with chill.
Not a sound broke the silence, save only
The owl's far, dull, lonesome "whoo-who";
And oft from his dwelling so lonely
He complained to the stars of the Blue.

On that night, on the top of a Mountain
That rose in the desolate plain,
In pride of its ancient domain,
Stood a man by the side of a fountain,
Which flowed in a tuneful refrain.
And with him was no friend or companion :
Alone and all silently there,
Near the edge of a gloomy, deep canyon,
He breathed the pure mountainous air.

Far below lay the long and wide level
Of the plain in the silence of night,
Where the spirit Romance, in delight,
O'er the scene fascinating did revel,
In the beautiful, mystical light.
And the moon, in her glory and gleaming,
Looked on the lone Mountain below,
And sent her pale, golden light streaming
On the plain of bediamonded snow.

Long the man on the Mountain stood thinking
 How the beauty and radiance did seem
 Like the smile of the queen of his Dream;
 His soul deep within him was drinking
 Of the glory which on him did stream.
 Yet he wondered why came not his Angel,
 The maid who had promised to be
 His bride on Mount Fame; but his Angel
 Was not there, as she'd promised to be.

Then long—oh, how long!—for the Maiden
 He watched o'er the plain far below,—
 That plain which was covered with snow;
 And his heart grew, then, heavy and laden
 With a feeling of sorrow and woe.
 But he saw not her form of fair beauty,
 Nor her face like the splendor above:—
 She must come—she would come—'twas her
 duty,
 For she'd promised in the vows of her love!

Hark! he hears a low voice that is singing
 A song like a funeral hymn,—
 It sounds like a funeral hymn;
 And softly and solemnly ringing,
 It gently is speaking to him:—
 "Thy fair One is dead, O fond lover!
 Her spirit has flown far away—
 She has gone to the angels that love her,
 In the light of the Heavenly Day.

"On this lone and this silent, cold Mountain,
 On this summit the humans call Fame,
 By this canyon and mystical fountain,
 The queen will ne'er change her fair name!
 The light of her love will, oh, never
 Shine upon this lone summit of fame;
 For thy Angel has gone where, forever,
 Her love is much greater than fame!"

Then the night of the dreary December,
With its silence and sorrow and chill,
Took the stars, each a distant, cold ember,
And fled o'er the snow-covered hill.
Not a sound broke the silence, save only
The owl's far, dull, lonesome "whoo-whooh";
And oft, in his dwelling so lonely,
He complained to the lights of the Blue,—
To the winds from the heavens of blue.

And a man, in the light that was gleaming
From the sun in the skies high above,
Came down from the Mountain, and, dream-
ing,
Said slowly, "All perish, but Love—
What is fame and all wealth, without
love?"



The Trail of the Yukon

There's a stream among the mountains
Of a land that's bleak and cold,
Where the ice-winds freeze the fountains,
And the wolf is ever bold.
And if ever you have wandered
On the Trail along that stream,
Why you left it, you have wondered,
And you see it in your dream.

Oh, the Trail is white and broken
By the canyons dark and deep,
And the only sounds there spoken
Make the chills across you creep:
In the distance bears a-growling
O'er a wretch who went too far,

Hungry wolves forever howling
 To the silent midnight star.
 Then you listen, fascinated
 By the sounds and scenes around,
 Till you love the land you hated
 When those mountains you first found.

There is gold deep in the hollow,
 On the mountain side there's fur;
 But the Trail I'd rather follow
 With a rifle and a cur.
 In its silence there's a mystery,
 Strong it holds you in its spell;
 And you feel its dreary history,
 Which to others you can't tell.
 And 'tis lonesome when you listen
 In your cabin, all alone,
 To the silence, see peaks glisten
 Like a distant, desert bone;
 Then you buckle on your legging,
 Take the rifle from the nail,
 Feed the dog to stop his begging—
 And you hit the frozen Trail.
 Then you strike the Trail that stronger
 Makes the brave heart on its road,
 Where the weak can stay no longer
 Than a fishing-worm or toad.

Here you follow by the canyons,
 Through the valley, o'er the peak,
 Never wishing for companions
 As you steal along a creek;
 And you feel the mountains' glory,
 Seems they give you of their strength,
 As they stand there old and hoary,
 Tall and matchless in their length!

Ah, the Trail is calling, calling!
Still it calls me to its track—
When the leaves begin their falling,
Guess I'll pack up and go back
To that Land that's full of danger,
Where I find a strange delight;
Where I meet the howling ranger
In the darkness of the night.
There the Yukon's silvery water
Glistens 'neath the summer sun,
And the glaciers seem to totter
At the roaring of a gun.
But I love that land of wonder,
And I'm going right away
To that Trail of ice up yonder,
And up there I'll always stay!

Hark! the Yukon Trail is calling
Me back to its frozen Wild,
Where the snowflakes, thickly falling,
On the mountain tops are piled.
To that Trail so long forsaken,
To that land of ice and snow,
Where the mountain peaks are shaken
By the hurricanes that blow,
I am going. On the mountain
Once again the heights I'll climb,
Track the bear beside the fountain,
In that snowy, frigid clime.
There the valleys now are dreaming,
Far the wolves send up their wail—
And the lights above are gleaming
On the frozen Yukon Trail.

The Lake at Night

I stood at night by Lake Lavada, where
 The waves in music play upon the depths,
 And watched the glowing moon in splendor rise
 Above the summer hills. The golden light
 Across the lovely lake in radiance fell;
 The whippoorwill's high chanting rose upon
 The balmy air in vesper notes; the breeze
 Was whispering low among the silent trees
 A mystic hymn. In silence deep I stood
 And thought upon those holy, nameless things
 That fill Man's heart with wonder, love and
 awe,—

That come upon the soul with fear and hope,
 When Meditation leads into the paths
 Of wisdom. Long, in thoughtful mood, beneath
 The lonely trees, as Night's majestic fire
 Stole o'er the shadows of still solitude,
 I stood, my mind engaged in reasoning on
 The fate of Time, the Past, and of the Soul.
 And while I pondered thus, a Voice arose
 Afar in music, like the floating of
 The evening winds into a harp of fine,
 Celestial, golden strings, across the blue
 Ethereal heavens hung. In melody
 That seemed to drift from angel bands above,
 The Voice, at first in distant tones, arose
 From far away; then nearer came, until
 It woke the slumbering earth, and reached
 The twinkling sky, then filled the misty space
 With liquid notes of harmony. And then
 The Voice, directly o'er me now, said to
 My trembling soul:—

“Immortal Soul, that's born
 To never die! what seekest thou upon
 This glorious night? The happiness serene

That fills the sky with holy light and thrills
The heart of Nature? That love so strong,
By which the beings, Truth and Beauty, shall
Forever live? Or wouldst thou fathom deep
The infinite and mystic depths of Mystery,
And learn the secret which will never stir
The surface of the stream of Time; why all
Things are; the great divine Purpose of those
Eternal Laws; the hope of Life, and fear
Of that dark time, called Death; the Destiny
That 'waits thee in the still Beyond?

“O hark,
Thou restless soul! In ages far and gone,
Have sages reached the dazzling hall of
Fame—
The happy bards have sung their tuneful
songs
Which echoed in the heart of listening Man—
Monarchs have reared despotic thrones and
held
The sword of power o'er trembling slaves—
the fools
Have striven through their weary lives to
make
Their riches greater still. And, yet, the hall,
Which Knowledge lighted as the solemn sage
Profoundly entered at the door Renown,
Is silent, dark, and cold—the sleeping bard's
Impassioned strain has died upon the faint
And fleeting breezes of the past—the king
Has heard the heeded call to join the throng
That lie beneath the sad inglorious tomb—
The wealth the miser loved and guarded long
Is his no more.

“O Soul, to higher things
Yet lift thine eyes; behold the wondrous work

Of God, and see His glory and His love,
Which give to Nature all her serenity.
And thou shalt hear her low, harmonious
songs

And see her beauty sweet and grace divine:—
The towering mountains rise to lofty heights
In rugged sublimation, to watch the sun
With glory light the dewy path of Morn;
To see despairing Day retreat into
The west, as jealous Night in triumph sets
Her starry banner o'er the field she takes.
The sloping plain and thirsty desert hold
Upon their wide and solitary domain
A mystic atmosphere of solemn worship.
Through valleys and between high mountains
far,

With majesty, the rolling rivers sweep
By rocky shores that hear the music of
The dashing waves. Down gentle hills, into
Green vales below, clear streamlets murmur
songs

In low, complaining tones; then steal across
Broad meadows, gay with flowers, where they
glide

Away beneath the sunny skies. Remote,
Where solitude commands the list'ning air,
Transparent lies the silent lake; above,
The starry lights look down at night to see
Their beauty in the waveless mirror far
Below; the moon arises to behold
Her silvery smile within the crystal depths;
And lonely trees, that guard the sleeping
shore,

With reverence greet the gentle, passing
breeze.

In sacred atmosphere, far stands the deep
And solemn forest, that ancient temple where
The joyful birds forever sing of His

Great wisdom. Mystic breezes lightly steal
Beneath the arches green and up the long
And winding aisles, to carry upward to
The King of all the consecrated hymns
Of love and peace and worship true. In
strength

Untamed, in restless pride, forever rolls
The blue, unfathomed Ocean in its deep,
Musical roar, beneath the smile of Morn,
The evening sun, and stars of silent Night."

The Voice then ceased; the music drifted slow
Away; and Silence seemed to faintly wrap
The Universe in misty shrouds of love
And peace. And then once more the waves'
low dash

Came softly from the lake; the birds of night
Sent up their carols sweet; and winds again,
In gentle sighs, stole o'er the lonely lake.
The moonlight gave enchantment to the
night,

And Truth and Love and Beauty, above the
lake,
Conversed with Nature and my wondering
soul.



The Desert's Call

The hot, relentless sun has tread
Its journey o'er the desert dread;
The varied colors, changing fast,
Above the shadows faintly cast
Their last reflections in the sky,
And in approaching darkness die;
While Night, on dark and silent wings,
Her gloom above creation flings.

Now all is silence; and it seems
That silence holds a thousand dreams,
Which, stealing from some mystic sphere,
Invade the magic of the year.
Across the desert land away,
The stars' enchanting beams betray
A dreamy loveliness that grows
Defiant in the hidden woes,
Which haunt the very bird that flies
Into the danger of those skies;
Because that thirsty, barren land
Defies achievement of Man's hand,
And still the ancient horrors reign
O'er all that barrier-like domain.

But yet the stillness and the gloom,
Suggestive of relentless doom,
Retain a worship grim and stern,
By which humanity might learn
A reverence for the Great Alone,
And bow before its mighty throne.

And hark! from somewhere to the soul
The sounds of fleeting ages roll!
They echo through the desert-night,
Component of a strange delight:—
It is the desert's mystic call
Transcending Time's eternal wall.
It is the whispering of the Wild
To share its lonesome undefiled;
To brave its desolation vast,
The summer heat, and stormy blast;
To challenge danger, conquer death,
Upon the range of torrid breath.
A tragic and eternal law
Holds both the heart and soul in awe;
The while the dismal voices fall,
The desert's own unanswered call!

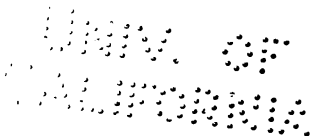
L'Envoi

*The verses this volume contains,
These rhymes of a wandering youth,
Are only the gathered remains
Of visions of Beauty and Truth;
Imperfect in measure and thought
Though many or all of them be,
Revealing a freedom untaught,
They whisper of things of the free.*

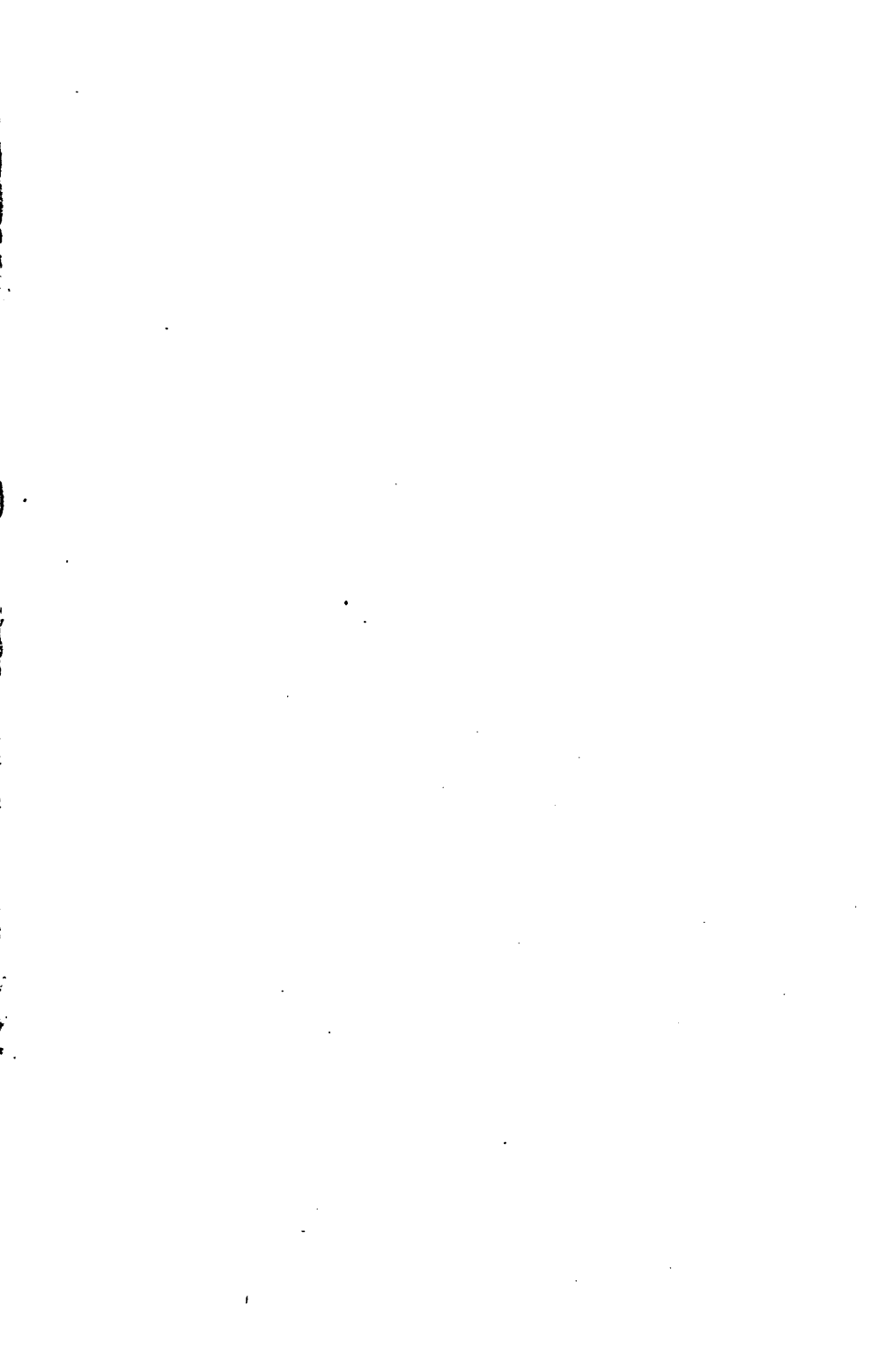
*Poetic and mystical dreams
Each human beholds when the hand
Of Mystery points to the streams
That flow to a dreamy-far Land;
But feelings of loftier love,
Emotions of purpose divine,
Are treasures each values above
All else on this side of Death's line.*

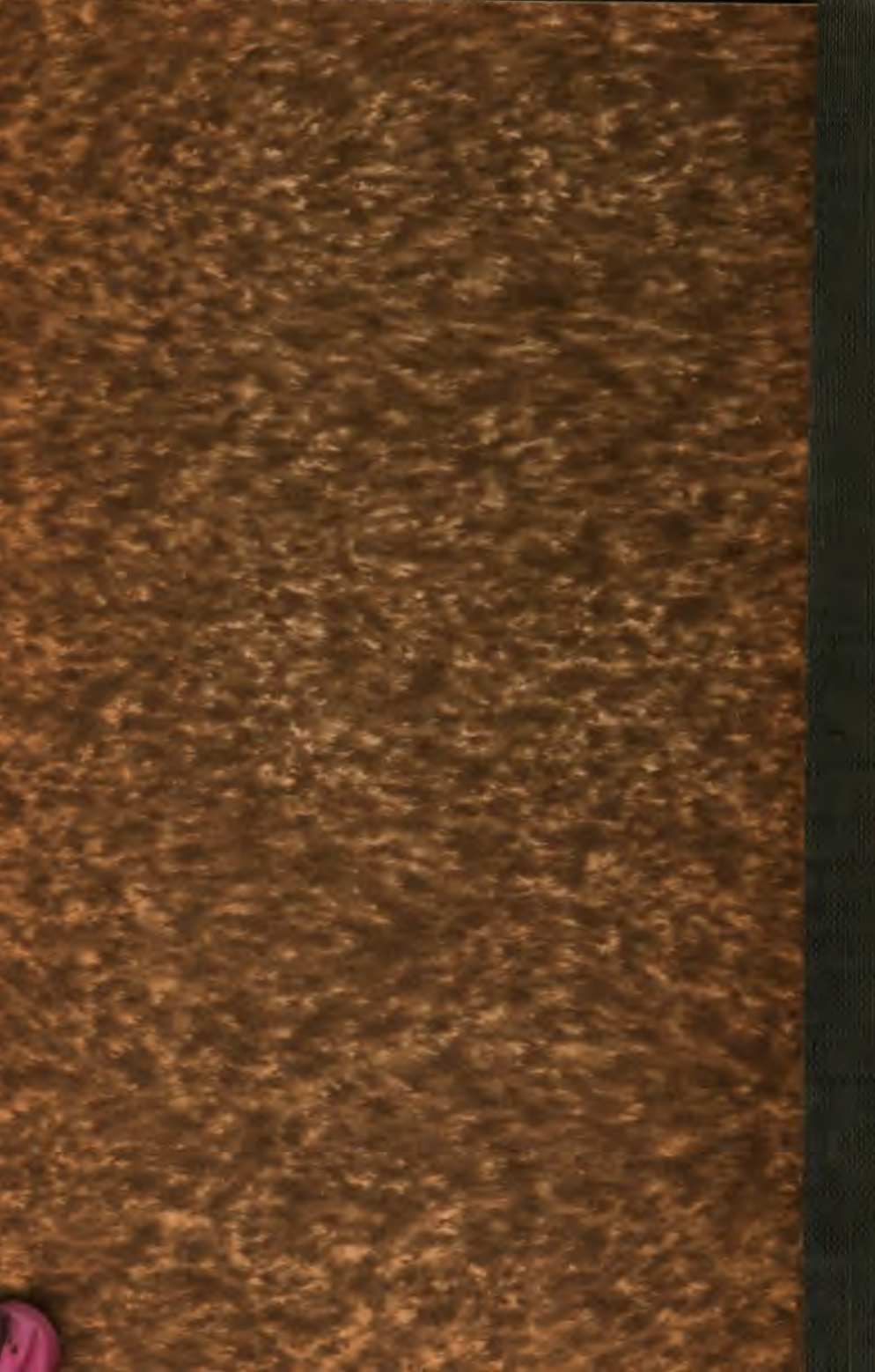
*For Life is a Valley of Tears,
Eternity's summits around;
Yet Faith thru the mist of the years
A glory immortal hath found.
And Hope in her patience hath seen
Another Yosemite's spell,
A splendor of beauty serene
Surrounding wherever Men dwell.*

*And lo! on the pages of Time
The old Christianity shall be
A version of meaning sublime,
A calling to you and to me;
And, reading those mandates of Life,
This mission most noble we find:
Be brave, though unknown in the strife,
By helping and serving Mankind!*



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